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THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF BOOKS.

Do you love your books? Books have bodies as well as souls. Do you care for the material tabernacle which enshrines the spirits that warm and brighten your own? 'Slaves of the lamp,' they are ready at a moment's notice to come forth and transport you not only to foreign regions upon earth, but to mystic scenes in worlds unknown. They will build castles for you—in the air, and *châteaux—en Espagne*; and will people them with figures that sometimes seem startlingly near, a descent from the canvas of the imagination on to the solid floor of tangibility. But the bodies of your books—how do you house them? Do you guard them from excessive cold and excessive heat? Do you save them from being poisoned by foul gases, and from consumption through exposure to damp, and from attacks of vermin? Do you provide them with medicine and medical attendance in their diseases? Do you belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books? We are not aware that there is such a Society; but that is a mere matter of detail. We feel disposed, like the Fat Boy, to 'make your flesh creep' by recounting some of the brutalities practised towards books.

Books have perished by fire on notable occasions, as in the case recorded in Acts xix. 19, where the books destroyed are valued at fifty thousand pieces of silver. These were either treatises on magic, books of sorcery, or *Ephesia grammata*, little scrolls containing magic sentences and carried about as charms. The martyrdom of living flesh and sentient nerves runs through all the centuries alongside of the cremation of the books that enshrined the martyrs' doctrines. Tyndale translates the Bible; the Bishop of London buys up an impression and consigns it to the flames. With the proceeds Tyndale prints many more than were burned. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the

Church;' and the smoke of the burning Scriptures was the printer's capital. Orthodox and heterodox were pretty evenly balanced in their fiery judgments on the enemies' books. Much rubbish has thus perished, but the coiling wreaths of smoke from the martyr-fire of a true book have always formed the letters *Resurgam*. Ignorance, as well as flaming orthodoxy, has incinerated many a precious book. One shudders to read of valuable black-letter volumes, 'Caxtons' and others, being found in the baskets of Sally or Betty, the melancholy relics of hundreds that may have preceded them up the chimney of some parlour fire or kitchen grate. And one trembles to think how many absolutely priceless manuscripts may be—probably are—at this moment tumbling about amid dust and vermin in old monasteries and cellars and caves, not knowing whether their destiny be destruction, or an enthusiastic welcome in the British Museum or Bodleian, or some Continental harbour of refuge.

Water has played quite as terrible a part as fire in the massacre of books. We are not thinking of the whole libraries that have been lost at sea—though it is true that cultured fishes have not lacked literary pabulum—but of the slow torture of books by damp. It is a relief to know that books do not suffer from rheumatism and neuralgia, though we have nightmare suspicions on the point. But they suffer decay in a symbolic parallelism to human lapses into disease and towards the tomb. The fibre of the paper and binding succumbs to the damp; brown blotches appear; and finally the maltreated book loses all its vitality and crumbles into powder at the touch. College libraries have been known in which the books have never been comforted with a fire, and where ivy or other tendrils have crawled in through broken panes in the neglected windows and made tracks for the heavy dews, the condensed November fogs, the driving autumn rains; and the unhappy books have slowly rotted in their prison, in the company of fungi and slugs, like forgotten prisoners of some

condemned faith in the *oubliettes* of stony-hearted ecclesiastics.

Collections of books subjected to modern conditions are afflicted by the same causes of disease to which many of our own maladies are due. Their health perishes under the fumes of gas. The sulphurous element in the midnight gas which, not to our advantage, has supplanted the midnight oil, destroys the elasticity and robustness of their binding and eats away their strength. Under the influence of the gaseous acids and the drying effects of heat, you will see the constitution of your poor books showing the inroads of disease and the approach of death. And of course your top shelf goes first. It is not true that there is 'nothing like leather.' In point of the conditions of firm robust health, your leather-covered books are very like children; they want a pure atmosphere, not too hot, nor too cold, nor too dry, nor too damp; and if your books are ailing, look after your children in the same room.

Dust and neglect have to bear the responsibility of much suffering on the part of our books. The custom of gilding the top edges of books is a useful palliative, but, like all palliatives, it is not to be too much relied on. Nor are glass doors to bookcases so valuable as people suppose. The alterations of temperature create a constant in and out suction, and with the air goes the dust, and the dust partly consists of germs, always going up and down in the earth seeking what they may devour.

'Bookworms' are now almost exclusively known in the secondary and derivative meaning of the word as porers over dry books; but there was a time when the real worms were ubiquitous as our cockroaches. They would start at the first or last page and tunnel circular holes through the volume, and were cursed by librarians as *bestia audax* and *pestes chartarum*. There were several kinds of these little plagues. One was a sort of death-watch, with dark-brown hard skin; another had a white body with little brown spots on its head. Those that had legs were the larvæ of moths, and those without legs were grubs that turned to beetles. They were dignified, like other disagreeable things, with fine Latin names, which we spare our readers. All of them had strong jaws and very healthy appetites; but we are happy to find that their digestive powers, vigorous as they were, quail before the materials of our modern books. China clay, plaster of Paris, and other unwholesome aliments have conquered the *pestes chartarum*. They sigh and shrivel up. Good-bye, little wretches; we have worse than you to look after now; germs of fever and cholera, and hydrophobia, to keep us busy, and we are staggered to discover what pitched battles are being fought in our veins every day by our brave little white corpuscles. Peace to the memory, for it is now hardly more than a memory, of the *bestia audax*.

The most audacious beast of our days is the cutter-out of plates. Where is the library that cannot show evidence of his ravages? Towards him we feel a ferocity that is merciless. We should like to extract a tooth without anaesthetics for every plate he has purloined. A giant of

villany of this kind existed in the early part of last century. His awful robberies were bound up in about a hundred volumes, now in the British Museum. There is a feebleness but still more irritating form of outrage upon books in public libraries, which consists in scrawling on the margins the rapid and frivolous criticisms or opinions of the reader, who often unconsciously gives evidence that he is incapable of appreciating what he reads. We have a book before us now, the collected poems of the greatest poetess of our century, and there is hardly a page not disfigured by some trumpery cavil about the words, or the sense, or the rhythm. Through all her sweet thoughts, this *pestis chartarum* follows her, until we take up the poker and strike a blow at an imaginary skull too thick to break and too empty to be susceptible of concussion of the brain. We are growing hot, and will lay down the topic here, lest we need a cooling febrifuge.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXXV.—I ASSENT.

I SAT as the sailors had left me at that table, lost in thought, bending all the energies of my mind to full realisation of my situation that my judgment might soundly advise me. I daresay I remained thus for above twenty minutes as motionless as ever was the dead figure that we had met with in the deck-house of the wreck. Then slowly rising, I went to one of the cabin windows and stood mechanically staring at the piebald sky that would come with a sweep, as the vessel rolled to windward, to the throbbing line of the frothing horizon; and thus I continued, still thinking, weighing one consideration and then another, forming resolutions which the next effort of thought rendered helplessly idle, until I had arrived at a determination; when, starting from my deep and painful reverie, I descended into the steerage and knocked on Miss Temple's cabin door. She immediately opened it.

'At last!' she cried. 'Oh Mr Dugdale, what have you to tell me now?'

'Let us go to the cabin,' I answered; 'we shall be alone there. The gloom of these quarters is horribly depressing.'

My manner caused her to regard me for a moment or two with a feverish eagerness of scrutiny; she then mounted the steps, and I followed her.

'I wish I had news to give that might comfort you,' said I, seating myself at her side. 'The men left me half an hour ago. I have been thinking my hardest since, and will tell you now how matters stand and how I believe I must act.'

She breathed quickly, but said nothing. Her eyes devoured me, so passionate was her curiosity and fear.

'The captain's conversation with me,' I began, 'was, as you know, overheard by the rogue Wilkins who waits upon us. He must have

hearkened thirstily; not a syllable did he lose, and every sentence he carried forward to the crew. They are fully convinced of the truth of the crazy story; they are firmly persuaded that there are some two hundred thousand pounds' worth of golden coin buried in that South Sea island; they were also made aware by that scoundrel listener that I had insisted upon having an agreement signed and witnessed; which of course confirmed them in their opinion that I myself believe in the captain's story up to the hilt. Their demand, then, is, that I should navigate the ship to the island, that they may dig up the money hidden in it.

She listened with silent horror.

'They laugh at my assurance that the captain was mad,' I went on, 'and they see nothing in his suicide to cause them to doubt that his story is absolutely true.'

'And what did you tell them?'

'That I must have time to think, and will give them an answer by noon.'

'What do you think?' she demanded, searching my gaze with her proud eyes.

'I see nothing for it but to undertake to sail the ship to the South Pacific.'

'Are you mad?' she almost shrieked.—'To the South Pacific? Did you not say to them that you will insist upon their stopping the first ship that passes, and putting you and me on board of her?'

'They are not to be reasoned with,' I answered gently; 'the dream of this gold has raised an appetite in them that might easily convert them into wild beasts, if I refuse to help them to satisfy their hunger. They will not suffer communication with any passing vessel; they will not permit me to make for any port. Their proposal is that I shall be captain, and have, with you, the exclusive use of this end of the ship, and they promise me handsome usage. But underlying the terms they desire me to agree to is a menace that I should be blind not to see. I must do what they want, or what that villain Lush has contrived that they shall want, or God alone knows what the issue may be for you as well as for myself.'

She sat viewing me like one paralysed.

'My intention,' I went on, 'is to inform the carpenter at noon that I assent to the wishes of the crew.'

She was about to speak; I held up my hand.

'I entreat you to let me have my way. Do not reason. You can offer no remedy for this situation saving that of haughty demand, which, unless you can back it, as a theory of escape, by a gang of men capable of pistolling the fellows forward, will be of no more use to you or to me than a feather to a drowning man. My resolution is, to consent to navigate this vessel to that South Sea island. The island may be an imaginary one: the crew's disappointment may force us into a hunt; they will then certainly believe that the captain's story was the fancy of a madman, and will ask me to carry them to some near port. This will be the issue of the adventure, supposing it is all smooth sailing till then. All will come right,' I exclaimed; 'it is entirely a question of waiting. Have you patience? Yes—and your patience will keep you hopeful. Trust to me and to my judgment.'

I took her hand in both mine and pressed it. She did not offer to withdraw it. Indeed, it seemed as though she found comfort in the clasp; her hard expression of consternation softened, and her fine eyes took the same air of appeal I had noticed in them when she went below to her cabin.

'There is yet the chance,' I said, 'of my being able to persuade the crew to transfer you to a passing ship. I might indeed,' I went on, warming up to the fancy, 'insist upon this as a part of my agreement with them.'

She slightly shook her head and her glance fell.

'How long will it take us to reach this island?' she asked, keeping her gaze bent down.

'Ten or twelve weeks, perhaps.'

'At that rate,' she exclaimed with an expression of impatience and dismay, 'we shall be sailing about for months without the least opportunity of my getting on shore, of my returning home, of my being able to obtain a change of dress.'

'Providing nothing happens. And even assuming that you are forced to see this adventure out to the bitter end, the worst that befalls you is a disagreeably long divorce from your home, together with such discomforts as you should laugh at when you think of them side by side with the tragedy that this ramble is easily to be worked into.'

However, spite of her little effort to look the difficulty in the face, she seemed stunned. She would start sometimes whilst I talked to her, and send a wild sweeping look round the cabin, as though she could not realise her situation and sought to persuade herself that she was in a dream. I was grieved for her beyond words.

'As to wearing-apparel,' I said, 'there are needles and thread forward, and I don't doubt that when you are put to it you will be able to manage. And then, suppose this story of the captain's should prove true, suppose we should actually find buried in the spot he indicated a mass of gold which when equally divided amongst us would yield every man several thousand pounds!'

She searched my face with her glowing eyes. 'You do not believe this?' she cried.

'Certainly I do not,' I answered. 'I am only supposing.'

'I wish I could read your heart; I wish I could be sure that your determination to assent to the men's wishes is not owing to sympathy with their own ideas.'

I burst out into a loud laugh. 'Of how many sins do you think me capable?' I exclaimed. 'How many enormous follies am I equal to? I believe you already secretly regard me as a pirate.—Oh, Miss Temple, no man could ever feel ill-tempered in conversing with you, say what you will. But you are a little trying, though, now and again. Why do you wish to read my heart? You might discover sentiments which would render me detestable to you.'

'I do not understand you,' she exclaimed, looking somewhat frightened.

'Admiration for you, in a person whom you dislike, would make you abhor him.'

'Mr Dugdale, is this a time for such feeble

small-talk as would scarcely be endurable amidst safety and comfort? I should not be so utterly unhappy as I am if I felt that my mother knew where I was, that she was conscious of all that has happened to me, and that we should meet again.'

'It will all come right,' said I, looking at my watch. 'I must make ready now for taking sights, and letting the carpenter know the determination I have arrived at.—Back me, Miss Temple, in my efforts by the utmost exertion of your tact. And now, come on deck with me, will you? There is life in the fresh and frothing scene outside, and you will find courage in the mere sight of the wide horizon with thoughts of what lies behind it, and how time will work all things to your wishes.'

I entered the captain's cabin to fetch a sextant, and then, with Miss Temple, went on deck. Lush was marching up and down the weather side of the poop. He came to a stand when I arrived. I went up to him at once, Miss Temple at my side.

'I have thought the matter over,' I said, 'and accept the men's terms.'

'Glad to hear it,' he answered with a slow smile breaking sulkily through his surly countenance. 'If you care about a written hundert-taking'—

'No,' I interrupted contemptuously; 'my agreement is based on yours. If you do not hold piously to every article of it, I drop my part.'

He viewed me with his head slightly on one side, but without any appearance of resentment at my peremptory tone. Coarse and unlettered as the fellow was, he had discernment enough to witness what he would regard as sincerity of purpose in my very outspokenness.

'All you've got to do,' said he, 'is to carry us to that there island. You do your bit, and you'll have no occasion to grumble at us for not doing ours. But—you'll do it. You understand me, Mr Dugdale? So long as you're honest, you'll find us honest.'

The ugly significance he imparted to these words by the look that accompanied them, I could not hope to express. Miss Temple, whose hand was on my arm, shrank at my side. It pleased me that she should have witnessed that look and heard the words, for they would go further to persuade her that there was no other road to choose in this matter than the one I had taken, than any amount of reasoning on my part.

'Your threats are perfectly indifferent to me,' I exclaimed, eyeing him coolly and fixedly. 'I believe I know your character, and don't question your capacity to act up again to the part your captain told me you had already played.'

'What was that?' he growled, but with no other change of face than such as temper might produce. I seemed to find even in this little thing that the captain had told me a lie when he charged the fellow with murder, and my mind felt easier on a sudden as to a conviction of the truth of a matter less dark than I had dared believe.

'That is my business,' I responded, preserving my cool almost contemptuous manner. 'You need be at no pains to threaten me. You'll achieve nothing by your forecaskle menaces. I

have been a sailor in my time, and quite know what you and such as you are. If you or any of your mates disappoint me in a single particular of the understanding between us, I will throw this sextant,' said I, flourishing it under his nose, 'overboard, and you may grope your way round the Horn as best you can. That agreement is this:' I elevated my forefinger. 'First, we are to have the exclusive use of this end of the ship; you alone coming aft to stand your watch.'—He nodded.—I erected another finger. 'Next: the captain's cabin and the one adjoining are to be occupied by this lady and myself.'—He nodded again.—I raised a third finger, thrusting it close to his face. 'Next: Wilkins continues to wait upon us as heretofore; we are to be fed with care and punctuality; it is distinctly to be understood—and this you will see to—that no liquor aboard is broached outside a tot or two per man per day; for,' said I, speaking with the most emphatic deliberateness I could contrive, 'if there should be a single exhibition of drunkenness amongst the crew, I shall pitch this sextant overboard.'

'I've got nothen to say agin that,' he exclaimed, speaking with something of sullen respect, as though impressed by my energy and language.

'Next,' I proceeded, 'I am to be captain, and what I say must be law, and what I do must be done.'

'Saving this,' said he, elevating two square fingers in imitation of my gesture: 'Fust, you ain't going to order us to speak a ship, and next you ain't going to get us to obey ye if you should take it into your head to steer for a port.'

'No,' I replied; 'that is a part of my agreement. Yet there is this to be said: it is mere idle cruelty to carry this young lady away round Cape Horn into the Pacific. She is without any other wearing-apparel than what you see; she is destitute of almost every convenience; her mother is in bad health, and she wishes to return as speedily as possible that no news about us may reach England that is not perfectly true. The crew, therefore, will not object to speak a ship that we may transfer this lady to her.'

'No!' he roared.

'Her going will render me easy in my mind as to her safety,' I continued, 'and I shall be able to serve you the better by knowing that she is on her way home.'

'No!' he roared again; 'she's quite safe aboard us. There must be no speaking with ships.—Sides,' he added, falling back a step with a round flourish of his arm, 'the lady knows all about the gold and where it is and how it's to be come at.'

'I can keep a secret, Mr Lush,' she exclaimed.

'No,' he repeated with a stamp of his foot; 'sorry for it, lady, but here ye are, and here ye must stop. I know what the crew 'ud say. I'm but expressing of their minds.—Here ye stop, lady.—Mr Dugdale, that was a part of the bargain, as we understood it this mornin'.—Besides, lady,' he added with an indescribable leer, 'ye wouldn't care to be separated from him now, would 'ee?'

She moved so as to bring him between me and her.

'That will do, Mr Lush,' said I. 'I am acquainted with your wishes, and you now know my resolution;' and so saying, I walked to a

part of the deck where I could command the sun, and went to work with my sextant, talking to Miss Temple in a low voice as I ogled the luminary.

'You see now how it is? If I refused my assent to the crew's wishes, they might have sent me adrift in a boat—alone,' I added significantly.

'He is a most dreadful creature. You spoke to him bravely. But is that manner what you call tact?'

'Yes. The man must not imagine that I am afraid of him. I would that I could choke him with his own threats.'

'I believe he would not shrink from murdering both of us.'

'They have made up their minds, Miss Temple, to sail to the island, and they mean that I shall carry them there. That resolve was strong in them when they entered the cabin. If I had refused—— But no matter! It may yet come to my being able to induce them to speak a ship.'

She made no response. There was a short silence between us.

'Make eight bells!' I shouted, and the chimes floated sharp upon the rushing wind as I walked aft to the companion, Miss Temple always at my side.

I went straight to the captain's cabin, and there worked out my observations, and fixed the correct position of the barque on the chart.

'Here's our situation to-day,' I exclaimed, pointing to the chart—it was a track-chart of the world—'and here's Cape Horn. Our course then is as we're steering.'

Lush stared at the chart with the blind and stupid look of a man who cannot read, and after a bit said: 'Let's see: here's south, and here's west, ain't it? And here's Cape Horn, as you say. Ay, our course is about right for it, I allow.'

Whilst I rolled the chart up, I exclaimed: 'It is inconvenient to be without a stand-by for a third relief. You and I both want to dine at once, and there is nobody to keep a lookout in the place of one of us. The man who had charge this morning whilst we were below appeared to be a very respectable steady sailor. Suppose now, calling me captain, and you chief-officer, we appoint him, with the sanction of the crew of course, second mate.'

'I dunno as I should do that,' he answered: 'best not have too many masters aboard. I'm no chief officer, and there'll be no convartin' of Joe Wetherly into a second mate. We're all jest men. But I tell'ee what: if the crew's willing, Joe might be selected to relieve you or me whensoever it comes about as the pair of us wants to be below at the same time, as now.'

'Very well,' I exclaimed, in the sort of peremptory yet half-careless way which I had made up my mind to employ when speaking to this man; 'work it out your own fashion. You can send him aft to relieve me when he's done dinner. I shall feel obliged by your seeing that Wilkins turns to and prepares the table for us at once.'

I was about to leave him, when he exclaimed: 'One question, Mr Dugdale. Nothen was said between us men and you as to the share ye expect.'

'Never mind about that now,' I answered.

'The agreement betwixt you and the captain was for a third, I think,' said he; 'you won't expect that, now there's a dozen of us in the consarn?'

'Oh no, oh no!—Send Joe Wetherly aft as soon as he's done.'

'It's onderstood,' said he, 'that the lady won't take no share?'

'Yes, you may understand that,' I exclaimed. 'As for my portion,' I continued, anxious to get rid of him, 'give me what you think I shall have fairly earned, and you'll satisfy me.'

'Right!' he exclaimed with alacrity, seeking clumsily to conceal an emotion of sulky exultation.—'Just another word, Mr Dugdale. What sort of character might that ha' been which the captain gave me?'

'Oh confound it! go and send Joe Wetherly aft,' I cried, feigning a fit of temper; and I marched away to the binnacle, leaving him to trudge forward.

A few minutes later, on looking through the skylight, I perceived Wilkins preparing the table. Presently, Wetherly arrived on the poop. I went forward to meet him, that I might be out of ear-shot of the fellow at the wheel, and at once said: 'Wetherly, how is it with you in this terrible business?'

'Truly terrible it is, sir,' he instantly replied; 'but you've got the most raw-headed lot of men to deal with that ever slung hammocks in a ship's fore-castle. Arter they went forward last night, they fell a-debating, all hands of them, and settled for this ship to fetch away that there gold, you commanding. I was agin it till I see how hot they talked, and then I thinks, says I to myself, what do it sinnify? Whether I'm bound away to the Isle o' France or to a loonatic's island in the South Pacific, is all the same. If there's money there, so much the better. If there ain't, it can't be helped. One agin ten's not going to do much aboard a ship; so, when I was asked for an opinion, I just says, I'm neutral, lads. Do as ye like. I'll be with ye; but never none of ye go and ask if I'm of ye.'

'You don't surely believe in Captain Braine's crazy fancy?'

'Well, I own, Mr Dugdale, that that there agreement 'twixt you and him a bit nonplushed me this mornin' arter I had read it out. It did look oncommonly like as though you yourself genuinely believed in the yarn.'

He viewed me critically, though respectfully, as he spoke with his mere pins-heads of eyes.

'Oh man, I agreed—I pretended to fully credit—wholly with the idea of coaxing the madman to Rio, where the lady and myself would have left the barque. Can't you see that, Wetherly?'

'Why, yes,' he answered quickly, though speaking, nevertheless, as though his mind was not quite made up. 'It's a bad job for you and the lady, sir. The men are terribly in earnest. They'll allow no speaking with ships, for fear of your blowing the gaff, as the saying goes. I may tell you you've acted wisely in falling in with their wishes. I may be more open by-and-by. I'm with you and the lady, sir; but I've got to be very careful.'

'I thank you sincerely.'

I saw him restlessly glance aft at the helmsman, and took the hint. His good-will was of the

utmost importance to me, and it would not do to imperil my relations with him by any sort of behaviour that might excite the suspicions of the crew.

(To be continued.)

THE HAMBLETON CRICKET CLUB.

Few of the frequenters of 'Lord's' probably are aware that Hambledon is 'the mother of modern cricket;' but such is the fact. The game cannot boast of any great antiquity, though curious inquirers fancy they can trace some semblance of it in the *cry-ce* with which Britain's 'young barbarians all at play' are said to have amused themselves, before Norsemen or Normans harried their coasts or robbed them of leisure for relaxation. What *cry-ce* may have been like, we can only conjecture; but probably it was rather the progenitor of games like tipcat, or knur and spell, than of cricket. The illuminated missals of Saxon times have recorded much of the life of our remote forefathers; and in one of the beautiful capitals we do find a group playing at club-ball, but nothing is depicted at all resembling cricket; which we may therefore infer must have been the product of a later and maturer age.

The earliest record we have of the game occurs in a curious book entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1719) where, of one Shenkin, it is quaintly said:

Her was the prettiest fellow
At football or at cricket;
At hunting chase, or nimble race,
How feastly her could pricke it

It may be observed that *her* or *here* is an old form of *he*.

Whatever may be made of the antiquities of cricketing, there is no doubt that the eighteenth century witnessed the rise and rapid progress of the modern game, and that its scientific excellence is due in great measure to the enterprising Club of an obscure Hampshire village. Obscure, it certainly was; but it was ever the home of a stalwart people, derived from one of the most indomitable of Saxon tribes, who were largely indebted to the vast forest of Andreda on the south, and the range of the Butser Hills on the north, for the preservation of their primitive character in the midst of the ferment of civil war and invasion. At present it is almost as inaccessible, from the want of a railway; otherwise, the beauty of its situation and the fine air of its rolling downs would make its fortune as a health-resort. In this secluded village arose a Cricket Club, with members drawn from a wide area, which achieved the highest distinction, and had an important influence on the scientific development of cricket. Within sight of a little public, still called 'The Bat and Ball,' this Club repeatedly played a match against All England. The Club attained its national reputation about the year 1771; and in the ensuing ten years it played fifty-one matches against All England and several first-class counties, generally for five hundred pounds a side, winning twenty-nine of the number! These matches were mostly

played upon Broad-Halfpenny Down, where King Charles II. spent some anxious hours on his road to the sea, after his escape from the battle of Worcester. Somewhat later, the Hambledonians transferred their ground to the adjoining Windmill Down, which had a rapid slope on all sides, so that if a ball was not quickly handled, it was lost, and this developed remarkable skill in fielding among the members. Hither, the whole country-side used to be attracted to see even their trial matches; and on any great occasion, the long village street would be lined with a double row of carriages and conveyances of every description from end to end. On June 18, 1777, the Hambledon Club beat All England in one innings by one hundred and sixty-eight runs!

But the credit of this famous Club rests not only on their distinction upon the field, but in no small degree upon the improvements they were chiefly responsible for introducing into the game. In the early part of the century the arrangements of this popular game were somewhat peculiar. There were only two stumps, a foot high, and two feet apart, surmounted by a bail; and between the stumps a hole was cut in the ground large enough to contain the ball and the butt end of the bat. In running a notch, the striker was required to put his bat into this hole, instead of the modern practice of touching over the popping crease. The wicket-keeper, in putting out the striker when running, was obliged, when the ball was thrown in, to place it in this hole before the striker could reach it with his bat! The figure of the bat still earlier had been similar to an old-fashioned dinner-knife—curved at the back and with a sort of curl at the front and end! The famous match of Kent against All England, in which Hambledonians were included, was played under these conditions in the year 1746; on which occasion the bat was found so inconvenient that it was henceforth ordered to be straight, but in other respects was undefined, until a few years afterwards a player from Reigate brought to a match a bat which was the full width of the stumps! This was of course an effectual defence of the wicket, but was thought too much of a good thing, and the width of the bat was henceforth restricted to four and a quarter inches; the weight of the ball at the same time being fixed at five and a half ounces at least, and five and three-quarter ounces at most. At Hambledon an iron frame was kept of the statute width, through which any suspected bat was passed for a test. On the 22d of May 1775 a match at single wicket was played between five of the Hambledon Club and five of All England on the Artillery Ground, when the bowler, Lumphy, several times bowled clear between the stumps of the famous batter, Small, without the batter being given out; and it being considered a hard thing that the straightest balls should be thus sacrificed, a middle stump was henceforth decreed, as at present. It was feared that the alteration might tend to shorten the game, owing to the presumed difficulty of guarding the wicket; but the grand match against All England just alluded to took place two years afterwards, and by its brilliance dispelled this fear; Aylward, one of the Hambledon men, getting one hundred and sixty-seven runs from his own bat, and staying

in two whole days. The most successful players that this country ever produced were members of the Hambledon Club; and the name of Richard Nyren, the captain, was known all over England as that of the greatest authority upon cricket. He was a left-handed bowler, and his delivery was high, and always to the length, while his balls were very deceitful. He was also a safe batsman, and knew how to drive. Although very stout, he was uncommonly active, and a fine specimen of the thoroughbred old English yeoman. On all questions of law or precedent he was uniformly consulted; and would maintain his opinion with modesty, but unflinching firmness, against the Duke of Dorset or Sir Horace Mann as freely as against his humbler brethren. He had derived his skill and judgment from an old uncle, Richard Newland, of Slindon, in Sussex, the best single wicket of his day.

The other principal bowler of the Club was Thomas Brett, a farmer, whose batting was of little account; but his balls were remarkably straight, and delivered with the force of a point-blank shot. Barber and Hogsflesh were the change bowlers, staunch and trusty, but not fast. Among the batters, the name of John Small shines as a star of the first magnitude, as he was almost as famous as Richard Nyren. He was the best short runner of his day, and was perhaps the first who turned short hits to account. His decision was as prompt as his eye was accurate in calculating a short run. As middle wicket he was an admirable fielder; and his judgment was held infallible as an umpire. He was a good fiddler too, and turned his Orphean accomplishment to good account on one occasion, when a bull charged him, as he was crossing two or three fields on his way to a musical party. With great coolness, he began playing upon his double bass, which completely routed the disconcerted beast, which did not stay to hear the last bars of the tune.

Tom Sueter must be mentioned next, one of the handsomest men to be seen on any ground, and of so amiable a disposition that he was the pet of all the neighbourhood, and greatly sought after by the gentlemen players. His voice was of great power and sweetness, and was always in request after a match for a hunting or cricket song. What a handful of soldiers are in an important pass, such was Tom in keeping the wicket. Nothing went by him; and such was his coolness and nerve that many a time has he stumped a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling. He was also a fine hitter, and was perhaps the first who broke the old practice of not leaving the crease for the ball; he would get in at it, and hit it straight off, and straight on, and away it went, as if it had been fired. In those days the Hambledon rule at trial matches did not allow a man to get more than thirty runs, and Tom Sueter had generally taken his *quantum* long before anybody else.

The best long-stop was George Lear, generally known as 'Little George.' He would stand through a whole match against the fastest bowling of the day and not lose more than one or two runs. He was as safe as a sandbank to stop the balls; and his activity and judgment in running to cover the ball were so great that he would stop many that were hit in the slip. He was not

great as a batsman, but he made up for his deficiencies here by his perfect fielding.

Edward Aburrow, a name still known in Hambledon, was the best long-field. Like everybody else, then and now, in Hambledon, he was better known by a nickname; his was 'Curry;' and Peter Steward was hardly ever called anything but 'Buck.' Both these men were good all-rounders, most useful in a match.

Lambert, known as 'the Little Farmer,' was a tremendous bowler with an extraordinary delivery. The ball was delivered quite low, and with a twist in the reverse way to what was usual with right-hand bowlers; that is, if bowling to a right-handed hitter his ball would twist from the off-stump into the leg! On one occasion, when the Marylebone Club played Hambledon, the Little Farmer was appointed one of the bowlers; and this new trick of his so bothered the men of Kent and Surrey that they tumbled out one after another, as if they had been picked off by a rifle corps. The perfection he had attained in this department, which was his only cricketing virtue, was owing to his habit, in tending his father's sheep, of amusing himself by setting up a hurdle or two and bowling away for hours.

The old Eleven was completed by Tom Taylor, who was an admirable field; his station being between point and middle wicket, and his quickness in meeting a ball and returning it like lightning to the top of the wicket, was very trying to the adversary's nerves. He was a slashing hitter, but too fond of cutting at straight balls, a fault, however, which he shared with Lord Frederick Beauclerc, the most accomplished batter of the day, who, with Lord Tankerville and the Duke of Dorset, was often on the Hambledon ground.

These were the heroes of the first Hambledon Eleven that achieved by their prowess such a prestige in the country. There was high holiday on Broad Halfpenny on the occasion of one of their grand matches; and it must have been a heart-stirring sight to witness the multitude forming a dense circle completely round that noble green—now, alas, in these commercial days, a cornfield! What excitement would move the hearts of the Hampshire folks, gentle and simple! 'Little Hambledon pitted against All England' was a proud thought; defeat was glory in such a struggle, and victory made the natives only 'a little lower than angels.' The fame which these early cricketers achieved for their Club was well maintained for a number of years by their successors. Of these the most celebrated were Noah Mann, James Aylward, the two Walkers, Beldham, and Harris. Noah Mann lived near Pitwood, and used to ride nearly twenty miles every Tuesday to practise. He could perform clever feats of agility on horseback, such as picking up pocket-handkerchiefs from the ground at full gallop. He was left-handed both as bowler and batter, and was valued for his nerve and self-possession. On one occasion in an All-England match, closely contested, he kept worrying old Nyren to let him go in, and was very indignant at his refusal. At length, when the last but one was out, Nyren sent Mann in, and there were ten runs to get. The excitement was intense; and thousands were hanging breathless on the issue. There was Sir Horace Mann walking about outside the ground cutting down the daisies with his

stick—his habit when agitated; the old farmers leaning forward on their tall staves, rarely seen out of Hampshire; and the vast crowd perfectly still. It was an anxious moment. After Noah had had a ball or two, one was bowled a little too far, when he got in, and hit it out in grand style for six! What a roar there must have been! Then there was a dead stand for some time; but eventually Noah, playing as coolly as if it was only for practice, totted up the runs, and the match was won. Nyren had purposely kept him back for this exciting finish, as he knew the man's imperturbable coolness, when any other man would have lost his nerve.

Aylward was a left-handed batter, and a very safe hitter. His score of one hundred and sixty-seven in the great All-England match was nothing to the portentous figures run up in these days, but it was then thought little short of miraculous.

The Walkers, Tom and Harry, were sons of a farmer at Hindhead, near the Devil's Punch Bowl; raw uncouth figures, that moved with the rigidity and force of machinery. They were a standing joke for their ungainly motions, which had no trace of poetry in them; but they were awful customers to get out when once fairly at the wicket. Tom took up with round-hand bowling; but the Hambledon council ruled it foul-play.

William Beldham, commonly known as 'Silver Billy,' was one of the finest bats ever seen. Bowl as you might, Beldham would hit you all over the field; and he was safer than the Bank. He had been taught by a baker at Farnham, and had a fine command of his bat; but after he joined the Hambledon Club, he rapidly became the finest player of that age. He would get in at the balls and hit them away brilliantly; but when he could cut them at the point of his bat, he was in his glory, and they flew as swift as thought! One of the most beautiful sights it is said to have been to see him make himself up to strike a ball. It was the *beau idéal* of grace and energy. A memorable occasion still lives in the archives of Marylebone when he and his only rival, Lord Frederick Beauclerc, were in together. The display of talent then educed by their keen emulation was supreme. His abilities as a bowler and fielder were only a little inferior to his batting excellence.

One more name only must we mention, and that shall be David Harris, the very prince of bowlers. He was a native of Odiham, in Hampshire; and it is said to be difficult to convey in writing an accurate idea of the grand effect of his style. His attitude when preparing for his run previous to his delivery would have made a beautiful study for a sculptor. First of all, he stood erect as a soldier at drill; then with a graceful curve of his arm he raised the ball to his forehead, and drawing back his right foot, started off with his left. He never deviated from this series of preparations before he delivered the ball, which he brought from under his arm by a twist, and nearly as high as the armpit, and with this action appeared to *push* it from him—but with incredible velocity. To see Harris bowling to Beldham was to see the finest exhibition of cricket possible in that century at least.

Of the Fremantles, John Wells, Purchase, and

others who for many years kept up the glory of the Hambledon Eleven, it is needless to speak now. Cricketers will feel interest in this brief notice of a Club to which they owe so much.

WELL WORTH WINNING.

CHAPTER V.—PRIORS LORING—CONCLUSION.

WHILE the marriage service was going on in the quiet church, Mrs Loring sat at home with a look of anxious expectancy on her colourless face, listening to every sound in the street. She looked years older. A cab drew up, and she rose and walked half-way across the drawing-room to meet a stout gentleman, of highly disturbed and even irritated expression of countenance, who entered.

'Well, Mr Vantler? Please tell me at once!'

But Mr Vantler deposited himself in the first chair he met and clasped his hands across his ample chest. Mrs Loring sat down too, without moving her eyes from his face.

'I wish I knew it, to tell you at once,' he said with impatience. 'There it is, somewhere around, at moments almost palpable—and I cannot put my hand upon it. I am convinced in my own mind your fears are too well founded; but the mischief is that we cannot establish the fact. What is to be done, then?'

She bowed her head and clasped her hands. 'If it were not for Maud,' she said with a moan, 'I think I should not care. Her marriage takes place to-morrow, and there is only this one day left!'

'That's the worst of it. We must also remember this, Julia,' the gentleman gravely added, 'that, regarding Maud, we are running serious risks. If you had proof to-day that what you fear is true, you would break the contract of marriage? Of course you would. Not having such proof, having only your own fears, which may or may not be realised—the question may never be cleared up, in fact—have you courage to say to them: "No; this must be postponed?"'

'No,' said Mrs Loring. 'I should have to go further, and say why I wanted a postponement.'

'I quite understand, Julia. Does it not appear to you, then,' he inquired kindly, 'that it might be best to ignore suspicions which we are not able to prove, and let everything go on as already arranged? The doubt, I know, will be very terrible to you; but you will spare your child by bearing it all yourself.'

Mrs Loring bowed her head for a long while in one of the sorest struggles a woman could be called on to go through. 'I think you are right,' she said at last. 'It is better to make no sign; it will be better for Maud; and if my fear is turned into certainty afterwards, perhaps arrangements can be made to keep the truth from her knowledge. My—husband could

go abroad; and I could go and live with her, without breaking the silence. Perhaps the truth—which the son of course would be sure to know'—

'He knows it now.'

'— might make him more kind to his wife.'

She said all this in a self-communing manner, the words following the motion of her thoughts. It all meant this: that, startled by her husband's admission of a prior marriage, an admission necessary to enable his son to marry Maud Lavelle in his own name, Mrs Loring had privately made inquiries concerning the date of the first wife's death, and now found herself, on the eve of her child's marriage, unable to ascertain the exact date. That the woman was dead there was no doubt; that Henry Loring believed her to be dead at the time of his second marriage was equally undoubted; but that this was really the case, Mrs Loring was at the moment unable to obtain evidence to prove. The fact might have been taken for granted, only for certain doubts which had arisen in the course of the inquiry, and which need not be specified here. One, however, was that, either through inaccuracy of memory or ignorance of fact, Henry Loring and his son had given different dates. She dared not arouse their suspicions by betraying her own.

Mrs Loring more than suspected that the father and son meant to make a division of her child's fortune; but being herself rich, this troubled her little. It was clear, nevertheless, that if she had the power, the sacrifice of the morrow should not take place.

'I can't quite absolve myself,' said Mr Vantler uncomfortably. 'I think I ought not to have given my consent so readily.'

'You are not to blame at all, Mr Vantler. You were justified in acting on my advice.'

'Perhaps I was. All the same, I wish now I didn't. But there—where's the use? It can't be helped.'

'Nor delayed,' added Mrs Loring with a sigh. 'My husband has procured a special license; he left that death-warrant on his study table this morning, where we could see it.'

'Is it there now?' Mr Vantler asked, with quick interest.

'I suppose so,' she answered, looking at him with languid curiosity. 'You do not want to see it?'

'Suppose, Julia,' he said, in a whisper, 'I put it in my pocket—or in the fire—there could be no marriage to-morrow? A day or two gained might be of value.'

The boldness of the suggestion startled her, and before its influence had time to cool, Mr Vantler rose up and made for the study. Mrs Loring followed him; but they were both disappointed, for the marriage license was not to be found.

'I had been certain of its being on that table after he left the house; and he has not been back since.'

A diligent search was made, but without result. Perhaps, on reflection, neither felt the disappointment very seriously. Making away with the license might not have been attended with desirable consequences after all.

A servant came in with a card on a salver. Mrs Loring read the name with a start of surprise—it was that of 'Mr Arthur Loring, Priors Loring,' only the last two words were crossed out in pencil.

Arthur Loring entered the room, somewhat flushed, and with the wedding favour still in his button-hole. The lady rose, and looking gravely at the visitor, observed: 'Mr Vantler will excuse us for a while if you want to speak to me particularly, Mr Loring.'

He followed her to the next room, where she sat down, as on that former occasion, with her back to the window, and placed him in exactly the same position again. Then she waited.

'Perhaps,' he commenced, taking additional courage from the recollection of the last interview in that room, 'I may begin what I have to say by referring to the last occasion on which I saw you in this room, Mrs Loring. I need not recall what passed. I have not seen, nor attempted to see, your daughter since then, until this morning. I was invited by Miss Lavelle's maid, and by the young man who is now her husband, to attend at their marriage. Until your daughter arrived at the church door I had no suspicion that she was to be there. If I had had such a suspicion,' he added, after pausing, 'I should have absented myself.'

Mrs Loring inclined her head in silent acceptance of his word. But it appeared as if something in the young man's manner—a third party, if present, could not imagine what—made her begin to feel nervous.

'After what I told you at our last interview,' he continued, 'I need not, I think, go into the sensations with which I heard of your daughter's approaching marriage to-morrow, Mrs Loring—to a man for whom she has no love, or even respect, and who cares just as little for her. I know the nature of the bargain, Mrs Loring, by which Maud was sold to my uncle's son, in order that my uncle's disgrace, as the ruin of hundreds of confiding and deceived investors, might be averted till he had time to make his preparations. Fifty thousand pounds will but stay the smash for a little while.'

'You refer to the Annuitants' Association?' she said steadily.

'I do, Mrs Loring. It is on the brink of disaster, and is past saving. That, however, is not my concern. Knowing Maud, if I had no warmer feeling than such mere knowledge was calculated to inspire, could I—could any person—have a heart unmoved by the spectacle of so cold-blooded a dealing with her happiness?'

The colour swept across the mother's face, for she felt the sharpness of the unintentional thrust.

'I will not dwell on other things—deliberate outrages aimed at myself by these two men. You said, the last time I was here, that you could not understand your husband throwing Maud and me together as was done—your husband, who is my unrelenting enemy because I am the son of my mother and father? Shall I tell you why, Mrs Loring? It was in order to make me suffer by giving her to this other man before my eyes. He would bring me, if he could, to see the sacrifice, so as to fill the cup of his vindictiveness to the brim!'

'For Heaven's sake,' Mrs Loring burst out, almost angrily, 'come to the end! I knew all that already!'

Unprepared for this avowal, he crimsoned to the roots of his hair and stood up with defiant eyes. 'Very well, madam,' he replied, 'I will come to the end at once. I have taken the advantage which fortune put into my hand, and I am ready for the consequences. At the church, your daughter's maid placed in my hands a marriage license, for the marriage of Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle. The end is, then, that Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle made use of the license and got married.'

Mrs Loring fell back in her chair, staring at the young man with fixed eyes, white face, and parted lips. She was powerfully affected by the astounding announcement; but the crack of doom, Arthur Loring believed, would not have been able to lift the veil of inscrutability from her features.

'Maud,' she said at length—'my daughter—is your wife?'

'Maud is my wife. It was right that I should come at once and inform you. For the present, I have taken her to my uncle Ralph's.' He named the street and number, but she appeared to pay no attention.

There was another pause—a very disagreeable one to the newly-made husband. He had done all that he had come to do, and was impatient to return. He bowed coldly and turned to the door.

'You have done a serious thing, sir,' she then said, 'and I will not forecast the consequences. You must deal with them. The license was fraudulently obtained, and fraudulently used.'

'Granted, Mrs Loring. Your daughter, however, is my wife all the same—with her own entire consent.'

'My daughter is a minor. I am her guardian; and the gentleman in the next room is her trustee. I must confer with him upon this unexpected situation.'

'Very well, Mrs Loring. I mean no disrespect to you—for you are Maud's mother, and she loves you—but Maud is now my wife, and all the guardians and trustees under heaven shall not take her from me.'

'You have also your uncle to deal with; but of course you know that. After I have consulted with Mr Vantler, you shall have our decision communicated to you.'

He bowed again, and was glad to leave the house.

Arthur Loring's heart, at twenty-two, with Maud now his own, was not disposed to take in troubles; and though there were anxieties enough ahead of him, he went back to Maud with a bounding step and a bright face.

They were all there—her sweet face was at the window when he came up the street—and he kissed her when he entered as rapturously as if he was the bearer of a message of reconciliation. It was anything but that, as the reader knows; but he made light of it.

'Took it very calmly, Maud,' he whispered to the anxious bride, 'but of course kept her sentiments as deep as a well. The trustee—Vantler—is there, so we shall hear in due time.'

Matters in Ralph Loring's rooms were rather embarrassing, however, pending the arrival of that gentleman, whom Arthur had telegraphed for. Nothing could surpass that gentleman's amazement on arriving to find those two pairs of married people—actually and indubitably married people, fresh from the experienced and propitious hands of the Rev. Thomas Thornton, as testified by documents bearing his emphatic signature—occupying his modest sitting-room. Like one in a dream, Ralph Loring listened to the recital of Kitty's abstraction of the license from Mr Henry Loring's study, as a speculation; and how successfully the speculation had turned out, as proved beyond question by the fact that Arthur and Maud were now man and wife.

Ralph seemed too dumfounded to find utterance for his emotions for two or three minutes; then fixing his eyes more in sorrow than rebuke upon Mrs Hornby, he said to that young woman: 'Kitty, you'll get twenty years for this day's doings!'

'Law, Mr Loring!' she replied, tossing her head, 'let us have something cheerfuller to talk about. I don't want to leave Jack a widower till I am thirty-eight.'

'What a little heathen,' said Ralph; 'she has no reverence for the laws of the land.'

The time arrived when Mr and Mrs Hornby, mindful of certain expectant friends awaiting them at Vauxhall Pier (the festivities, it appeared, were to be held down the river at a tea-garden famed among seekers of pleasure), had to depart; and in kissing the small bride at the door, Mr Ralph exchanged with her certain mysterious signs of pleasure and congratulations, which, to a livelier perception than that of John Hornby, would have made it clear that Ralph had been an accomplice in the plot connected with the marriage license.

'Now, young persons,' he said, returning, 'now that you have taken the plunge, what is to be done next?'

'For my part,' answered the bridegroom, laughing, 'I think a ride outside an omnibus would be quite in accordance with present ways and means.'

'Not when you have a house of your own to take your wife to, Arthur. You would be the first of your family that didn't take his bride to Priors Loring.'

'Priors Loring is not mine, uncle.'

'For the time being it is your mother-in-law's; but mothers-in-law are not so black as they are painted. She won't turn you out during the honeymoon.'

At that moment a message arrived from Mrs Loring. It was a line addressed to her daughter: 'DEAREST MAUD—Come to me at once, and bring your husband.' That was all. The written words sent hopes and fears—chiefly the latter—flying through both; but Arthur quietly placed his arm around Maud and kissed her.

'That's the way, Arthur,' said Ralph approvingly. 'Is it a summons from Cadogan Square?'

'Yes,' replied the young husband. 'I left Mrs Loring and Maud's trustee taking counsel.—Come along, Maud,' he added cheerfully, 'and let us get it over. It will be easier than you suppose. Then we will come back and consult with Uncle Ralph.'

'No, you won't,' observed that gentleman with decision. 'Uncle Ralph will not be here. He will be waiting at St Pancras Station to fling an old shoe after you.'

While Maud was putting on her jacket and hat, Ralph took his nephew into the next room. 'Now, Arthur, my boy, just one word. You have won the victory, take my word for it. Pin your faith to your mother-in-law—you will find her true as steel when she is no longer in fear. Give her that, when your interview is over,' he said, placing a sealed envelope in his hand. 'They should have come to me sooner in the matter. It is the register of the death of Henry Loring's first wife—when she hadn't a friend left—and it sets your wife's mother free from her bondage. All will be well now.'

The young fellow seemed hardly to comprehend.

'Not a word to Maud about it, Arthur. For that bit of paper alone she and you will be received with open arms. Take my word for it, and go at once. Maud is waiting. Off with you; and I shall be at St Pancras to see you away by the five-thirty train. God bless you!' The old man went down with them to the door, bidding them be of good cheer and not forget the five-thirty train.

At half-past six o'clock that evening Mr Henry Loring and his son were lounging on a terrace on the west side of Priors Loring house, smoking cigars after an early dinner, and looking intensely satisfied. The declining sun shone over a wide expanse of old timber, which the elder gentleman appeared to regard with special interest. They had been over the Park and every room of the mansion, and were therefore in a position to review their good fortune in a comprehensive manner.

'You are getting it cheaply, Arthur, at fifty thousand,' said Mr Henry Loring. 'After paying off the mortgages, you will have seventy thousand clear at your banker's. How many men in England will be in a like position? And Maud, as a wife, is not to be counted for a little—she is a rare girl.'

The other smiled—not at the reference to Maud, but at that to the 'mortgages.' Henry Loring was including his own second mortgage of thirty thousand in his calculations; but the dutiful son was quite resolved to disappoint him in that matter—when the time came.

'That timber needs thinning,' the other continued. 'I know something about timber, and you can easily cut down ten thousand pounds' worth without injuring the appearance of the estate. I should set about this at once.'

'I intend to do so,' was the reply.

'And we will have a mining engineer down without delay, for I am convinced there is any quantity of coal and iron on the property. Since cornfields and pastures don't pay,' he observed with a grin, 'we will sacrifice the picturesque to the practical, and see what the smiling fields have got underneath. Isn't that it?'

'That's it—undoubtedly.'

The coming proprietor was quite in accord with the 'development' of the old estate by the proposed methods. But he kept his own counsel, until to-morrow's event was over, on one part of

the programme: this was the part comprised in the pronoun 'we.' As soon as Mr Arthur was in possession, his parent and benefactor should receive a startling and unpleasant surprise; there should be but one master at Priors Loring.

At this point the conversation suffered a surprising, and for a while inexplicable, interruption. The bells of the village church, about half a mile off, began to ring with lively vigour. The distant sounds of many lusty human voices indicated some unusual excitement in the hamlet.

'Is it a fire?' said Henry Loring, stepping to the end of the terrace and looking in the direction of the village.

'There's no smoke. Perhaps it is a marriage.'

'They don't marry at this hour of the day.—Hi! you fellow!' he shouted to a man who dashed past on horseback in the direction of the stables. But the man took no notice.

'Does he belong to the establishment?' demanded the embryo master indignantly.

'Let us go in and get another cigar, and some brandy-and-water, and we will walk down as far as the gates to inquire what is going on.'

They were proceeding down the wide avenue presently, when a warning shout was raised behind them. They had barely time to leap out of the way and escape being run over by the Priors Loring carriage, driven at a headlong speed by the ancient coachman in his best livery.

'Upon my soul,' exclaimed Mr Arthur, when he recovered his speech, 'it's about time that somebody was master here. I should like to know who gives these people their orders?'

'By this hour to-morrow, my boy, you shall have the right to ask that question, and to get an answer. Bide your time.'

They proceeded slowly down towards the great gates, which they saw standing wide open. The ancient female in charge of the post was out in the middle of the highway, gazing with eager interest in the direction of the village. The bells were ringing, and the cheering of many voices came nearer and nearer. They could hardly be three hundred yards away, round a bend of the road.

'Woman! what does this mean?' demanded Henry Loring angrily. It was curious how angry he was, and how ugly his anger made him look.

'Eh?' she answered; 'just wait a bit, and we'll see.'

It was upon them before further question could be asked.

'Whatever they are,' cried Loring, 'they shan't enter here!' and he sprang at one of the heavy gates to shut it. For the second time he had a close and ignominious escape; this time it was two farmers mounted on heavy cart-horses that almost rode him down. He had to leap aside out of the way; and then the mob, with a deep and hoarse hurrah, burst through the gates, dragging after them the carriage containing young Arthur Loring and his bride.

We must be excused the task of following the gradual and grievous process by which those two injured men recovered from that stunning experience. They found their way by private paths to the station, and thence to London; for like wise men they wasted no time in doubting

the evidence of their senses, which demonstrated to them too plainly that they were irretrievably defeated. By what means it mattered not now; the result was far too overwhelming to leave them any interest in its explanation.

The mutual sympathy of rascals in the moment of misfortune is a touching trait of human nature. Each sought his own solace in the contemplation of the other's case. They had reached this interesting phase of feeling before leaving the railway carriage.

'You will want all your philosophy, Arthur,' observed his father pathetically, 'to bear you up after such a loss. Bride and wealth both gone—Heaven knows how, but the young Squire is the winner, beyond a doubt. Nor do I overlook the blow to your young affections.'

'My philosophy is all in order, sir,' said Mr Arthur with an amiable grin. 'I have as much as I had yesterday, minus the expectations, which don't count as a commercial asset, you know. I am a little anxious about your balance, though. I shall have to leave you to manage the Annuity-tants as you can; and I am afraid, from what has taken place, you may not find all quite satisfactory at home.'

'What do you mean?' Henry Loring demanded, turning livid.

'She has defied you, has she not? That means that things are on another footing in Cadogan Square. I'm afraid that your prospects, private and public, are uncommonly unpropitious to-night.'

And the first realisation of the fact was brought home to Henry Loring outside the station, when his son coolly stepped into a hansom and drove away by himself.

Ralph Loring at the same hour, attired in his old clothes and slippers, was indulging in deep joy over the draper's shop in Chelsea. He had managed it well, if he only knew how well! The telegrams he had despatched to Mr Harding the agent, and the old vicar, touched most inflammable material; and Mand, blushing red with pleased surprise, heard the bells ringing her welcome to Priors Loring before the train stopped at the little station.

In a month after the marriage, Priors Loring was free of mortgages, and this happy relief, coupled with the new mistress's eyes, which he worshipped, brought back his youth to the faithful old agent. 'There has never, that I am aware of,' he observed confidentially to the vicar, 'been so much wealth in Priors Loring—long may they live to enjoy it!' There was more than Mr Harding dreamt of, when the grave and gentle American mother came down and made the Hall her home.

Maud's mother never spoke of Henry Loring and his son, and these worthies passed out of sight, no one knew whither. Arthur, more just than his namesake intended to be, paid over to the Annuity-tants the money which the estate owed them.

On bank holidays Ralph comes down to see the young people; but he is wedded to his old life, and will go on unchanged to the end. Mrs Hornby, through somebody's gratitude, has become owner of the shop in King's Road, and Ralph's landlady; and she domineers over the

old man. He strongly resented new slippers which she had worked for him, but was compelled to wear them. 'It is nearly as bad as being married,' he says.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE transmission of power from place to place by means of wire-ropes is likely to meet with many extensions, for it often presents an economical method of working. For instance, a waterfall or stream may be so situated that the erection of a mill in close proximity to it is next to impossible; but by means of a wire-rope in connection with a water-wheel the building can be erected at a long distance from the actual source of power. An American paper describes a mill at Nebraska which is worked in this way by water-power situated from it at a distance of nearly a mile. In this case it was decided to erect the building, a flour-mill, close to the railway station, thus avoiding the cost of carriage, which would have been a constant one if the mill had been built on the stream from which it draws its motive-power.

The number of deaths from snake-bite in our great Eastern dependency, and the difficulty of coping with the matter, have often been commented upon. It has also been pointed out that many unrecorded deaths in out-of-the-way places must occur, and thus add to the number of victims. The Indian Government have for many years done their best to mitigate the evil by the offer of a reward for every poisonous serpent killed. But it has recently been discovered that these money rewards have brought about a most unexpected result, a result, too, which would prove that the natives have some of the cunning of the heathen Chinese in their composition. The Chief Commissioner of the central provinces points out that the astute natives of those parts of the country are beginning to *breed* venomous snakes, so that they may secure the usual price for the reptiles' heads. This is decidedly a more immoral practice than that which is said to have been in vogue some time back in two districts of Australia, in one of which a reward was payable on production of rabbits' heads, and in the neighbouring district on the presentation of the animals' feet. In this case heads and feet became objects of systematic exchange between the two districts.

Some interesting experiments were lately performed in the Solent with the Brennan Torpedo, an invention which has been secured to our Government. This torpedo differs from the well-known 'Whitehead' in several important particulars. In the first place, it is not after launching left to its own devices, but its movement is fully under control from the starting-point. Its motive-power does not depend upon compressed air, as in the older form of torpedo, but is due to a powerful steam-engine which is worked at the starting-point. From this it will be seen that the Brennan Torpedo is not suitable for shipboard, but must be regarded rather as a means of defence to harbours and water-ways. It is propelled by twin-screws, each being worked through the medium

of an attached reel of wire. A powerful engine, with winding drums on shore, rapidly pulls away at these wires; and paradoxical as it may appear, the faster the wire is reeled in the quicker is the movement of the travelling torpedo in the opposite direction. In the experiments referred to, one of these torpedoes was directed against an old hulk which was being rapidly towed by a steamer along the Solent. The torpedo went direct for the objective vessel, and in one minute after contact and explosion the hulk foundered. It was shown that by increasing or reducing the speed of either drum the torpedo could be steered in a most unerring manner.

There has long been current an idea that mussels and other shellfish are under certain conditions unwholesome, if not actually poisonous. That this popular impression is correct has lately been proved in a very sad manner in Ireland, where a family of children have died after partaking of a dish of stewed mussels which had been gathered not from the open sea, but from a creek, the waters of which were almost stagnant. From subsequent analysis it has been found that mussels which are gathered from any water which is impregnated with sewage matter are subject to a condition which renders them poisonous. As there seems to be no outward appearance indicating this condition, it is obvious that mussels ought not to be used as food.

Compressed air, supplied from a central station to different houses, has lately been applied in Paris as a rival to hydraulic power for the working of lifts, at a saving, it is said, of fifty per cent. The method is very simple, and follows the ordinary system in so far that water is used as a ram. But the water-chamber is in communication with the compressed air supply which drives the liquid under the piston. As the lift descends, the air-pressure is released, and the water gradually flows back into the chamber. This system has been introduced by the Parisian Compressed-air Company, which also supplies air for refrigerating purposes, its expansion in properly arranged cooling-rooms producing a lowering of the temperature far below zero.

We have occasionally described improved methods of manufacturing white-lead, but for one reason or another the old system is still in vogue. This, which is known as the Dutch method, consists of placing metallic lead in earthen pots with a small quantity of crude vinegar, and covering the whole up with stable manure or some refuse which will yield carbonic acid, which acts upon the metal, and changes it to lead carbonate. The process is a tedious one, occupying many weeks. A new method has lately been introduced which is said to give very satisfactory results, besides being much quicker in action than the old process, and far cheaper to carry out. Litharge, or lead oxide, is placed in a vat furnished with stirring apparatus, together with a solution of acetate of ammonia. After six hours' stirring the liquid is allowed to subside, and the clear portion, containing the lead, is run off into another vessel, where it is subjected to the action of carbonic acid gas. This causes a copious precipitation of the lead in the form of white carbonate, which is afterwards pressed and dried. The process being a wet one all through obviates any chance of lead-poisoning of work-

people by floating particles in the air, and this consideration alone should ensure the process patient examination and trial. The inventor is Professor MacIvor, and the works are at 47 Clapham Road, London.

It is not perhaps generally known that that useful body the Kyrle Society, which has done so much to brighten the lives of our poorer brethren, has attached to it a decorative branch. This means that the Society will busy itself in decorating parish rooms, workmen's clubs, and premises of a similar nature with bright colouring and designs which have been placed at their disposal by some of the first decorative artists of the day. The work is a most commendable one, for we all know that such public meeting-rooms are, as a rule, very ugly and depressing in their appearance, and are apt to arouse comparisons between their plainness and the glitter and brilliance of certain other public-houses. The Kyrle Society is willing to give all the help that it can in this important direction; but its energies are unfortunately paralysed for the present by the want of a few hundred pounds. The office is at 14 Nottingham Place, London, W.

A novel method of cooling water for drinking purposes is in general use at a certain American town. The wells there, cut in the solid limestone rock, have become contaminated, and although the water from them is tempting in its cool freshness, it is of course most dangerous to health. Some years back it was determined to obtain a fresh supply from a spring about three miles distant, and an exposed iron pipe has been used for the purpose, with the result that the water delivered to the town was, although pure, warm and uninviting. In order to lower the temperature of the water, it is now carried by a pipe down to the bottom of one of the disused wells into a cistern there, another pipe proceeding from the lower part of the receptacle up to the surface, where a stopcock is fitted to it. It is obvious that the water so treated will speedily become lowered in temperature, and that as fast as it is drawn off for use the subaqueous cistern will be refilled. The plan is an ingenious one, and might be imitated with advantage in many localities where cool water is not otherwise obtainable.

The buried city of Pompeii has not yet yielded up one-third of its artistic treasures, and it is calculated that at the present rate of working, which is by no means slow, about seventy years must elapse before the place has been thoroughly unearthed. In the meantime interesting discoveries are continually being made, and our knowledge of Pompeii and its inhabitants is always being added to. Some very fine mural paintings have once more been disclosed to light by the discovery of a building which appears to have been used as a bathing establishment. These pictures are described as being elegant in design and appropriate to the place in which they were found. One picture, curiously enough, reminds one of recent events in Africa, for it represents Nile scenery with pygmies or dwarfs in combat with various animals. The healthy spirit of amusement and caricature was abroad then, as it is now, for we are told that one design is clearly of this nature. It represents a dwarf trying to draw another out of the water, but having been seized by a crocodile, he has tied himself on to another pygmy on land, who is

vainly trying to prevent his friend being engulfed.

There are multitudes of worthy persons in this world who would be very much offended if it were suggested that they were so benighted as to believe in witchcraft or in any kind of fetich. Yet these same good people will believe all that a quack advertisement tells them, and will part with their money without hesitation if the bait is only worded with sufficient cleverness. The word 'electric' is about as much abused by quacks as any in our language, and we fear that it is to many a positive fetich with which they can be readily gulled. A lady has lately written to the *Times* complaining that she has been under 'electrical' treatment in London for the removal of superfluous hairs from her face, and that, although she paid forty-five pounds to the advertiser, beyond the expense of staying in town during treatment, she has derived no benefit. She therefore comes to the conclusion that the defect she suffers from cannot be cured by electricity. Here she is wrong, for it represents one of the best agents for the purpose. But a skilled and educated hand is necessary, and such is not generally associated with medical advertising. A properly qualified surgeon would always be willing to give advice upon such a point for a fortieth part of the fee which this lady paid.

Professor Cushman, who holds the post of apiarist at the Rhode Island Agricultural Experimental Station, United States, has recently read a paper on Bees and their Ways, and he states that those insects do not injure sound fruit, for its juice is injurious to them, but that they confine their attention to that which is bruised and blemished. Professor Cushman's observations were corroborated by many of those present. It is certain that wasps do not trouble themselves to select the blemished fruit, but make havoc of the best which comes in their way. We once saw a large growing apple which was completely hollowed out by these pests, who had commenced operations by making a small entry-door in the skin of the fruit. Their depredations were brought to an end, so far as this apple was concerned, by the application of boiling water from the spout of a kettle. On cutting open the fruit there were found no fewer than forty-two dead wasps within.

M. Nansen proposes to leave Norway on a fresh expedition to the North Pole in February 1892, and a specially constructed boat will be built to convey him and his dozen intrepid companions to the land of ice. This expedition differs from all which have preceded it in that a totally new route has been assigned for it. It will be remembered by those who have followed the recent history of Arctic exploration that in 1881 the *Jeannette* was wrecked in the attempt to reach the pole by Behring Strait. Just four years after this event, several articles which had belonged to the crew of this ill-fated vessel were carried on a piece of ice to the coast of Greenland, and the question arises, how did they accomplish their remarkable voyage? The nature of the various currents eastward and westward is known, and it is considered impossible that they could have been the cause of these articles reaching Greenland, and the obvious presumption is that there is a shorter and direct route right across the

North Pole. If this surmise be correct, it is a curious circumstance that Nature should have at last pointed out the solution of a problem which has baffled so many.

'A Physician,' who dates from Edinburgh, has written an interesting letter to the *Times* on the subject of shoeless horses. He says that he has taken one of his horses, a cob, on a driving tour of nearly four hundred miles, the animal being shoeless. No symptom of tenderness or lameness has occurred since that time, although the horse has been more or less constantly driven over paved and macadamised streets. With two other horses of larger size he tried the same treatment, but failed. He believes that where the growth of hoofs is strong and rapid, horses are the better for not being shod, and that quite a large proportion, in country places especially, could be employed without shoes. In the case of the cob, the hoofs have to be rasped away a little in front, but the sole of the foot is left untouched. In slippery weather, he is invaluable, as he is far more sure-footed than a horse with roughened shoes.

From the Report of the municipal authorities of New York City, it appears that from January 1887 to May 1890 there were recorded in that city sixteen deaths from accidents with electric currents. These were caused by workmen cutting wires, from grasping wires hanging loose, and in one case the current was conveyed to the victim through the medium of a metal showcase. Considering that the installation of the electric light system has been so rapid and general in New York, the number of deaths cannot be regarded as very high. Precautions are being adopted against such fatalities in the future, and their occurrence while things are in such an experimental stage need not unduly prejudice us against this mode of illumination. Our apparent delay in adopting electricity as an illuminant in this country has been due to mistaken legislation and other causes; but we shall benefit by the experience of our American friends, and shall surely be the gainers in the end.

The evidence given by Dr Dupré before a recent Board of Trade inquiry relative to the burning of the screw steamer *Livadia* of Liverpool is full of interest. This unfortunate ship was laden with bisulphide of carbon, a heavy, colourless, and very volatile liquid, which is used in various manufactures, and is well known in the laboratory. This liquid vaporises at ordinary temperatures, and the vapour which it gives off is so heavy that it will collect in depressions, and will flow along almost like a fluid. It will thus travel for some distance, and can be ignited should it meet in its course any heated material. A flame is not needed, for a dead cinder or the heat generated by rubbing two pieces of iron together, without an actual spark, is sufficient to bring about the result. In other words, this dangerous vapour when mixed with air will explode at a temperature far below red-heat. In the case of the *Livadia*, which contained one hundred and fifty tons of the liquid in drums, it is supposed that one of these receptacles developed a leak, and that the vapour from it found its way to a light in the fore-castle of the vessel.

A syndicate has been formed, and the capital subscribed, to realise an undertaking that has

often been written about, but never attempted on any practical scale—namely, the utilisation of part of the Falls of Niagara as motive-power. It has been ascertained that four per cent. of the total fall can be made to yield theoretically one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power, and it has been determined to divert this proportion of the current round the town of Niagara and to put it to useful employment.

I'LL BE A BANKER.

A PAPER FOR BOYS AND THEIR PARENTS.

THE all-absorbing question of many a parent is, 'What shall I do with my boys?' And it is one that grows yearly more difficult to answer. The respectable education which is now within reach of the poorest lad actually does fit him to become a formidable rival to the children of the middle class in the race of life; and it is no mere figure of speech to say that he sometimes reaches the goal yards ahead of his fellow-runners of superior birth and bringing-up. As the days go by, it will, we think, become more and more evident that the prize is for the swift-footed and not for the favoured; and that in every calling in life the best place is for the man best fitted for it, be he son of peer or peasant. 'The survival of the fittest' is no mere idle phrase, put together only for philosophers to wrangle over. It is, whatever we may choose to think, a broad principle of busy every-day existence with its unceasing toiling and working.

'We must try to get one of the boys into a bank.' Very good! But let us just look at how the matter stands; for banking is something more than decent hours, a gentleman's position in life, and a regularly paid salary.

In the first place, a nomination will have to be secured through some one of influence with the bank. If the lad's father is a professional man of weight and standing, and likely to help the interests of the bank in the district, there will not be much difficulty in the preliminaries. (Perhaps it is well just here to state that we are considering in the present paper *English country banks and banking*, not the larger concerns, with longer office hours and harder work in the metropolis.) If banking as a calling has actually been decided on, it is well to make early application, as the lists of candidates for clerkships are invariably very long ones, and years may have to pass before the applicant's turn arrives. When it does, he will be summoned by the banker, or the Board of Directors, or their General Manager, before whom he will have to pass an introductory examination, either oral or written, or perhaps both. If this is successfully got through, the candidate will be appointed to a junior clerkship at the head office or one of the branches of the bank; and his business-life straightway begins. There is one thing that cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the mind of a youth thus starting: it depends upon himself entirely whether he remains an ordinary clerk all his lifetime, or attains to a post of importance at the head of the establishment he has entered.

His first duties will of necessity be mechanical and ordinary; but if he has his wits about him, he will soon discover that to be a successful banker calls for the cultivation and exercise of

many faculties. It may seem a trivial point to notice here, but in reality it is one of some importance—namely, that a young clerk cannot give too much attention to his handwriting, which should be plain and neat, and after that as artistic as possible. A great deal of his time will be spent with pen in hand, and to gain satisfaction himself and to give it to his superior officers, he should strive to handle this little instrument as best he can. It is too common by far for a bank clerk to consider himself too much a gentleman to write well. He somehow does not wish to be known as a 'mere clerk,' and forthwith strives after some quaint individuality of stroke or flourish, in order that no stranger seeing his pen-work should be able to conclude that the man behind it is a quill-driver. What nonsense, forsooth! As well might a young genius of engineering be ashamed of a masterly manner of handling his tools, or a clergyman of a graceful way of delivering his sermons.

The young clerk should lose no time in putting himself in touch with the best men of his calling, and in obtaining the most valuable information to be found on the several matters which present themselves to him in his daily duties. In banking especially, knowledge is power. With these ends in view, he should first of all join the admirable association known as the Bankers' Institute, the publications of which cannot fail to prove of inestimable value to him. He will by this means be introduced to some of the real questions of interest to the profession. He would do well to set aside a portion of every evening's leisure to a careful study of banking law and practice, picking up on every available opportunity any scrap of information bearing upon his life-work. For some time, perhaps, all this might seem superfluous. But let him bear in mind that the positions of any worth in a bank are almost invariably filled by men competent to enter at once and fully upon the duties of the empty posts. A banker, it need hardly be said, would far more willingly fill a vacancy with a man already capable than with one who might make himself capable after his appointment. Always be ready, then, for an emergency. There is plenty of room at the top of the profession, for the simple reason that so many unready men cluster at the bottom.

The unready men are those who just do what is absolutely necessary. They feel no interest in anything save what is immediately under their noses. They are listless and careless, and glad when the afternoon hour comes to leave the office, and in no haste to return to it on the following morning. Their boon-companions call them 'right jolly good fellows,' like to have a 'glass' with them at the hotel or club, or to walk up the street in their company.

In most banks mere seniority has to step aside to make room for merit. When this is the case, a parent or guardian might, we think, pretty well decide upon the chances of a young clerk's future, by calling to mind the many qualifications which go to make an ideal banker. With these before him on the one hand, and what he actually knows of the lad on the other, a pretty shrewd calculation might be made.

Character—moral backbone, if you like—is indispensable. A banker must primarily be a man.

He must know when to say No, and be able to say it when necessary. His decisions must often be immediate and final. He must be a keen observer of human nature, knowing instinctively a fool from a knave, and a man honest of motive, but weak in will, from one who is genuinely honest and habitually upright. He must have sufficient acquaintance with the several businesses of the neighbourhood to judge of the possibilities of the success of his clients in them. His knowledge of men and things must be wide and varied. His position and influence must be unmistakable and acknowledged. He must be known to fail in nothing and to cringe to no one. He must, in short, be the walking incarnation of the best banking traditions.

It might be noted in passing that with most banks it is understood that their officers should not refer in any public way to matters theological or political; and though this is felt to be a hardship by some earnest-minded folk, we cannot help thinking that the restriction is a wise one. There are so many divisions and subdivisions of opinion on these subjects, that it is impossible to enunciate extreme views without causing pain or offence to some whose ideas and beliefs are as real and valuable to them as ours may be to us. So far as is consistent with the preservation of his own manhood, a banker should be 'all things to all men,' and not worry himself or his friends with fractious party-spirit, which indeed is some times extremely narrowing.

A word as to the spending of after-office hours, which in the case of bank officials are usually many. Some of these will, as a matter of course, for health's sake, be spent in outdoor sports and occupations—cricket and football, walking and riding, fishing and gardening; but even then a goodly number will remain to be filled.

Most men have a hobby; all men should. It clears up the brain in a wonderful way, taking the tired attention into other channels, rubbing off the cobwebs, and infusing a fresh interest into life. At seventy years of age, Alison, reviewing his days, and feeling as strong as at twenty-five, attributed his happy condition to a variety of occupation. 'Either the law or the literature singly,' he said, 'would, I am persuaded, have ruined my health or terminated my life; but the two together saved both.'

Microscope or telescope, botany or literature—the hobby-world is a wide one, and offers all kinds of entertainment to the man with time and intelligence.

If a young man is lucky enough to have a choice in the matter, he should, we think, enter the service of a joint-stock bank in preference to that of a private establishment. The fact is banking has of late years changed much, and altogether in the direction of publicity being given to its financial standing. Private banks with their unpublished balance sheets are rapidly being swallowed up by joint-stock companies, who annually issue officially certified statements of assets and liabilities, which have to pass the scrutiny and comment of the ablest financiers of the day. And besides, there is greater chance of promotion without favour in joint-stock service. Here poor relations and friends' sons do not as a rule get the plums out of the pudding when better fingers are waiting close by.

As to salaries—they range from ten, twenty, or thirty pounds to, say, two thousand pounds per annum. In big towns, larger figures even than these last are mentioned in connection with names well known in banking circles.

In the matter of guarantee there need be no bother or anxiety of any kind, for bankers generally prefer to hold the bonds issued by the large societies who for a reasonable payment undertake to stand in the position of guarantors of the fidelity of men holding positions of trust, be they junior clerks or general managers.

THE SECRET MOURNER.

I.

THEY bore him on to his grave in the heart of the busy town;
And with furtive footsteps following, I watched them lay him down:
The mourners, many and sad—though they wept there one and all,
The tears that fell were as naught to mine, that could not fall.

II.

We loved each other dearly, in a day that is distant now;
But something got to his ear, and he suddenly changed somehow—
A something got to his ear—I never could gather what—
And he kept away from thence, and his love for me was not.

III.

I hid my grief in my heart, and bore it as best I might;
There was never darkness yet but had some relieving light;
And I found a balm in the thought, that although his love was gone,
I could follow him secretly, and in secret still love on.

IV.

And this I've done through the years that have come and gone since then
(So far the love of women surpasses the love of men);
I've hung on his track to the last, for I only ceased to-day,
As from his grave in the town I turned in my woe away.

V.

Earth now looks lone in mine eyes, yet I am not all cast down;
I have firm faith that at last I shall somewhere grasp Love's crown;
That when the end shall have come, whatever is good and true
Will receive its just reward, and a love like mine its due.

JAMES DAWSON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
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